

# WATERS BY THE PEOPLE

## AN APPEAL FOR THE FARM.

By Gov. Hughes of New York.



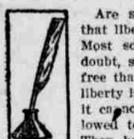
GOV. HUGHES.

When you get out where a man has a little elbow room and a chance to develop, he has thoughts of his own. His thinking is not supplied to him every night and every morning, and he is less of a machine and more of a man, so that I do not think that the farmers need to be looked upon, or want to be looked upon, as dependents of the State. They do not come to the State government asking alms. They are self-reliant, they are intelligent.

What we want in connection with agriculture is what we want in connection with every other field of noble effort. We want training, we want intelligence, we want scientific method, we want direction, we want the way shown, and then the man can walk in it. There is no reason why the same care and intention and skill and scientific consideration should not be devoted to agriculture as to industry and the technical trades.

## THE LIBERTY OF SOCIETY WOMEN.

By Dr. Emil Reich.



THE LIBERTY OF SOCIETY WOMEN.

Are society women free? And, if so, is that liberty conducive to things evil or good? Most society women would, there is little doubt, say that they now infinitely are more free than their ancestors used to be. If that liberty is taken simply from the material side, it cannot be denied. Society women are allowed to go out when and where they like. They have clubs of their own; they invite men to their clubs on their own hook; they go out to lectures, dinners, receptions, or concerts alone; they carry

on correspondences of their own; they not infrequently earn their own livelihood. Nearly all the externals of liberty are there. However, liberty is not an external or material thing; it is entirely spiritual.

The admiration and social looking up to that non-society women invariably devote to "gentlemen" is a cause of failure which does not exist in good society. The woman that is at once shocked by any slight remark of general politeness is the woman that is easily shaken. In society, women born to it are neither easily shocked by animated words nor easily shaken. Fewer liberties and more liberty—is this not a goal worthy of the reformers of society? Fewer clubs and lesser club life. Society women in the present system of their liberty are much envied, even admired, but not sufficiently respected. Less outward liberty would lead to more solid support.

## OVERCAPITALIZATION OF RAILROADS.

By Francis Stetson.



OVERCAPITALIZATION OF RAILROADS.

So far as relates to the rates of railroads in competition and under State regulation, there is no possibility of harm from overcapitalization. In every other particular indicated by the President any evil from overcapitalization would exist and operate in respect of stock corporations generally, whether organized as railroads or for industrial purposes.

So far as concerns the issue of bonds, promising to pay sums exceeding the original consideration of the bonds, it is to be observed that in the case of corporations, just as in the case of individuals, this is a matter of financial credit.

The corporation or the individual in good credit can borrow at a low rate and without discount; while to induce loans, those in poor credit must make concessions inversely large. Under such conditions excessive bonded indebtedness does not constitute overcapitalization; and if it be an evil, it is an evil expressly permitted by law.

That it is an evil when incurred for any purpose not strictly within the lawful purposes of the corporation, or for an amount impairing the ability of the corporation to carry on its legitimate business, I fully recognize. Reasonable safeguards should be provided against such evil, and should be accepted cheerfully by corporate managers.

In this direction the provisions of the so-called public-utilities bill, requiring a commission's prior approval of all railroad bonds, as well as of issues of railroad stocks, are eminently proper.

## STEAMER STEERED BY GHOST.

Crew Saw Spook at the Wheel and Swears to the Story.

Just twenty-six years ago this month I left Glasgow in a full-rigged ship of the City Line, being a midshipman of the company. We were bound around the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta.

We made a record run to the line in eighteen days, and, missing the doldrums, got a fair wind from the westward.

When in the locality of the De Verde Islands the captain set the course for the night, leaving the chart on the cabin table, with penciled course for the second officer's guidance.

In the middle watch, while I was on deck on the opposite side of the roof deck from the officer, the captain called for me and inquired who had tampered with the chart. I replied that I had seen no one go down below through the companion way.

He then called the officer and inquired of him; he also denied any knowledge of the same.

He retired after changing the penciled course again to the correct course. It had been changed to another course by some unknown person.

In about an hour the captain, in a rage, called the officer down and called the first officer and steward out of their cabins, and demanded who had been playing the fool with him by tampering with the chart. Nobody knew of the occurrence.

Disbelieving and in a passion he again changed the course to the correct bearings, and warning the officer on watch and myself to keep a sharp lookout he went to his berth, but lay down with the door of his cabin open, commanding a view of the saloon table with chart in sight.

In about twenty minutes, while all were watching, a man dressed in an ordinary black gentleman's suit came from the fore part of the saloon, out of the companion way and approaching the table hastily penciled the course back again the third time, heading us out of our course.

The captain, dumfounded at first at a stranger on a merchant vessel when three weeks out of port, said nothing, but recovering himself he sprang out of his bunk, roaring: "Who are you?"

The person, pointing to the chart, started toward the companion way, the captain springing after him.

In the companion way he vanished. No one ever came on deck, where we were waiting to catch him, having seen all, and thinking possibly it was a stowaway, though how he could have lived and where hidden himself was incomprehensible.

All hands were then called, and a complete search of the ship made, the captain seeming to think that the man must have slipped past us on deck, doubting the possibility of the vanishing, being no believer in spiritual manifestations until then. No trace of anybody was found.

Then the captain, after conferring with the officers, changed the orders and we followed the course given by the apparition. The next morning, at about 9, we came up to a boat load of people who had taken to the boat from a burning ship.

On the boat approaching the rail, a man cried out: "There is the man I saw in my dream," pointing to the captain. He claimed to have seen the apparition and to know that he would be saved by him in a dream the previous night.

Yet the man was not dressed like the apparition, nor did he look like him. Four parties saw the apparition, the second officer, captain, man at the wheel and myself. This account was logged and can be verified.—New York World.

## Wing Shooting.

Wing shooting can no more be theoretically taught than can riding, skating, sailing a boat, milking a cow or playing the violin. Practice and perseverance in this, as in all field sports, can alone make perfect, while the most persistent effort even then often fails to make a "crack shot." Certain rules, however, must govern the beginner, which, if observed, will materially aid him in becoming an expert.

When a novice takes the field for game he is very apt to become flustered, or "rattled," at the critical moment when the bird is flushed, and then he will stare, open mouthed, and wonder how it happened. This often occurs in the field, and the tyro invariably has some plausible excuse to offer. His "gun was not cocked," he "stabbed his toe just as the bird rose" or some equally weak explanation is made, or else he lays all the blame on his dogs, whose thoughts, could they but express them, it would be interesting to interpret.

The best wing shooters do not close one eye in aiming, nor do they follow the bird in its flights with the muzzle of the gun, but closing one eye is admittedly better than tightly shutting both, as many young would-be sportsmen have been known to do.—Recreation.

## Origin of Plug Tobacco.

In the jury room at the court house a few days ago a farmer said, as he took a chew of tobacco: "All the differences in the world in tobacco. I've tried some twenty different kinds, and none is as good as that we used to make ourselves down on the farm. We would take a maple log while 'twas green and hove a dozen holes in it with a two-inch auger. They were our molds. We selected our choicest tobacco and soaked it for a week or more in wild honey. Then we'd take the leaf to the log, get a good hickory 'tamping stick and go to work."

"A little ball of the honey-soaked tobacco would be put in an auger hole and tamped in with the stick and a hammer. We'd pound it in solid. Ball after ball would be rammed in and pounded until the whole became a solid plug. When the hole was nearly full we would pound in the plug and then the log would be put away to season. As the wood dried the moisture would be drawn from the tobacco. And when it was split the sweetest tobacco ever made was taken from it. We called it 'plug tobacco' and that's where the name originated."—Kansas City Star.

## Discretion.

"This popular fiction is all rot. In real life the girl's father seldom objects to the man of her choice." "You're wrong there. He often objects, but he's usually too wise to say anything."—Pittsburg Post.

After a woman has been married a few months she has this sort of a look in her face: "I wish I had known some things sooner."

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# EDITORIALS

## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### IMMIGRATION CAN NOT BE REGULATED.

THE new immigration commission, after jangling about Europe for some time, at public expense, is about to sail for home, bearing with it, as the whole fruit of its labors, a plan to keep criminal and vicious foreigners from immigrating here in future. This plan is a requirement that every immigrant hereafter shall bear a certificate of good character from his home authorities, certified to by an American consul.

This, at first glance, looks like an excellent idea; at any rate, every American would like to have criminal and vicious foreigners kept out of the country, and to make a law that they must keep out seems to settle the matter. But, on examination, it will be seen that such a law could not be enforced and might as well not be made.

With our enormous and unprotected coast lines, with thousands of miles of unprotected border on the north and south, it is impossible to keep out of the country any white person that wants to enter. Once a foreigner is on territory of the United States, he would be safe, for there is no means of distinguishing him from hundreds of thousands of others. There is no way of registering and keeping account of 80,000,000 people, nor of preventing as many as wish to from joining them.

The United States is helpless, and cannot protect itself from the flood of humanity that is pouring in on it every year. Even prohibiting immigration altogether would be useless. We might as well make up our minds that this country will continue to be the refuge of the criminals and the vicious of the world, and trust to our vigilance and alertness, and to a drastic enforcement of our own laws to prevent them from injuring us after they arrive.—Indianapolis Sun.

### WILL PRECEDENT BE BROKEN?

PRECEDENT will be broken if any of the present Presidential probabilities is nominated. Since 1824 no member of the cabinet has been elevated to the Presidency of the United States, and only three in the whole history of the government. In 1824 John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, was the candidate of the Whigs against Andrew Jackson, but there was no choice by the people, and Mr. Adams was elected by the votes of the House of Representatives. At the time of his election Adams was Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Monroe. The two immediate predecessors of President John Quincy Adams were also members of the cabinet at the time of their nomination, for the Presidency, James Madison being President Jef-

erson's Secretary of State at the time of the nominating convention of 1808, and James Monroe holding the same portfolio under President Madison when he was nominated in 1816.

Madison, Monroe and J. Q. Adams found the cabinet a stepping stone to the highest honor in the gift of the people, but this political history has never repeated itself. No man now alive can recall a time, however, when four members of the same cabinet were prominently mentioned as candidates for the Presidency in the same year. Secretary Cortelyou, Secretary Taft and ex-Secretary Shaw will find no precedent for the elevation of a cabinet minister, other than a Secretary of State, to the office of President.

Superstitious persons who may admire Mr. Foraker and Mr. Knox will probably be impressed with the fact that no senator of the United States ever stepped directly from his senatorial office into that of the Presidency. In fact only two or three ex-senators have been elected President, although some of the most distinguished members of the upper house have been disappointed aspirants for the office. Among the Presidents who held office subsequent to the time of John Quincy Adams is to be recalled Andrew Jackson, who resigned from the Senate to be a candidate for President, but who was defeated. That was in the campaign in which Jackson was opposed by J. Q. Adams, resulting in the election of Adams by the House of Representatives. When at last Jackson was elected President he had been out of the Senate four years.—Utica Globe.

### STRAW VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.

THE Chicago Tribune has been taking a vote of the editors of the Middle West on choice of Republican Presidential candidates. It asked the Republican editors of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas if they approved the progressive policies of President Roosevelt. Of the replies 1,509 approved the policies of the administration and 66 did not.

To the question, "do you prefer a progressive or conservative man for President Roosevelt's successor?" 1,435 want a progressive and 176 a conservative.

For first choice of candidates 944 were for Taft, 141 for Cannon, 159 for Fairbanks, 19 for Knox, 184 for Hughes, 239 for La Follette, and scattering votes for a dozen others. President Roosevelt received 158 votes, but the Tribune explains that in the great majority of answers received the voters expressed themselves in favor of Roosevelt if he could be prevailed on to accept the nomination.—Toledo Blade.

### THE UNCONQUERED MOORS.

A Ghastly Battlefield that Claimed 20,000 Portuguese Victims.

France and Spain, who under the terms of the Algeciras international conference have the responsibility of policing Morocco, may find the task a difficult, if not impossible, one. The resistance of the Moors at Casablanca, where the French, with all their superior equipment, have been barely

### THE STORM.

Graphic Description of Its Coming by One Who Lived to Tell the Tale.

"The weather conditions," he said, "had been precisely those to make the experienced navigator cautious. 'The morning was sultry. There was not a breath of air stirring. When the sun was half way up to the zenith it showed as a dull copper disk. A faintly bluish haze rested upon the horizon.

"When the tide began to make an almost imperceptible breeze came up from the south-west—just enough to make the flags fall off at intervals and then settle down and flap feebly against the masts.

"Banks of clouds appeared, and finally massed themselves in the western sky. I said to myself that it was no time to be at sea—that at high water there would be something doing up aloft and lower down.

"Later the clouds began to draw water. The heavy bank seemed to part and one portion of it bore away to the south and the other to the north. A few big drops of rain fell, but that was all we got of it. In the course of the afternoon I ventured out.

"Along toward low water the light breeze of wind failed. There was a dead calm. I had all sail set, but could not keep storage way. She simply drifted with the tide. The surface of the sea was like glass, save for a long swell that came in from seaward.

"Over in the north-east the peak of a cloud showed itself. It was fringed with light. It mounted rapidly. Other clouds seemed to be pushing it up.

"The white fringe edged the portentous bank they were forming. Below this the color was dull leaden.

"I knew what that meant. I overhauled my ground tackle, keeping an eye all the time on the bank of cloud coming up against the direction from which the breeze had been blowing before the dead calm.

"Suddenly a ripple appeared on the water beneath the dark cloud with its fringe of white and sails of vessels up to windward dropped as if the halyards had been cut. I could see men scurrying about the decks.

"A yellow ruffe appeared upon the water, advancing with inconceivable velocity. Beyond it was a wall of torrential rain, rent by blinding streaks of lightning. Peal after peal of thunder came in quick succession.

"I valdly tried to head the craft so that she would take the onset of the gale head on. The dark ripple on the water, followed closely by the line of yellow foam, was almost upon me.

"What was I to do? I could let the sails go by the run, drop the anchor, pay out all my line and hang on. But what if the gale should be so stiff that she couldn't lie to it? Then I would have to buoy my anchor line and send with bare poles till the gale blew itself out.

"While these thoughts were flashing through my mind it came to a point where something must be done quickly. 'Without another instant's hesitation I got out, took my canoe under my arm and walked ashore, barely in time to keep from getting wet above the knees.'—Washington Post.

### Arousing Emulation.

Little Johnnie, having in his possession a couple of bantam hens which laid very small eggs, suddenly hit on a plan. Going one morning to the fowl run, Johnnie's father was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams and above it a card with the words: "Keep your eye on this and do your best."—London Tid-Bits.

If you are ambitious to give entire satisfaction to some living creature on earth, get yourself a dog.



## Science and Invention

Chinese authorities have decided that all railroads built by Chinese shall revert to the government twenty-five years after they are opened.

For the first time in their history the French railways have given German locomotive makers an order. The locomotives now ordered are of an uncommon heavy type.

Bananas are being ripened in England by electricity. The bunches are hung in airtight cases in which are a number of electric lights. The light and heat ripen the fruit and it can be easily regulated.

Dr. Arthur D. Little, addressing the American Chemical Society recently, mentioned some interesting instances of the immense contributions of chemistry to the work and wealth of the world. The steel industry, he said, is today, at every point, under the strictest chemical control. Abram S. Hewitt estimated that the Bessemer process alone added, directly and indirectly, \$2,000,000,000 yearly to the world's wealth. Chemical processes of making madder and indigo colors have changed the face of those industries. One-half of the entire consumption of indigo is now produced in German chemical plants. Ultra-marine is now furnished by chemistry at half the price of copper, whereas, in the form of lapis lazuli, in the days of Liebig, it was dearer than gold.

Eikeberg, the Swedish discoverer of tantalum, gave that name to the metal because of the tantalizing difficulties that he encountered while investigating it. It is only recently that tantalum has been obtained in a state of purity, and the rapidity with which it has been produced, in response to the demands of commerce and industry, is almost unprecedented. It furnishes an excellent filament for electric lamps. Only a little while ago the mineral from which tantalum is obtained was so rare that not enough could be found to supply specimens to all the mineralogical museums. Now Australia alone produces more than seventy tons of tantalite a year. This does not seem a very great quantity, but it is to be remembered that a single pound of tantalum suffices to furnish 22,000 lamps, each of 25-candle power. The metal is so hard that it is said that a diamond-pointed bore, making 5,000 revolutions a minute, produces in it, after three days of work, an excavation only one-fiftieth of an inch in depth.

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YET THERE WAS NONE FOR HIM.

morning paper long before his accustomed hour. He glanced eagerly, hurriedly, through the first column, the second—and over the third. Then he began all over again; slower and with closer scrutiny, but only to be disappointed. The messages were multifarious; gay, grave, indifferent ones; sent to as many varied hearts; yet there was none for him. He was perceptibly chagrined, but perhaps he had expected too early a reply.

Another day passed, and he grew impatient—as did Tags. Tuesday morning, and no reply. On Wednesday the following brief but apropos message appeared:

Tags cries pitifully. Must be homeless.—L. W. G.

Gordon felt that she must have been not only his first but also his second appeal, for well he knew that until she had recovered her pet she would anxiously scan the column for tidings of him. Three times, for luck, he would try; and, if he failed! Well; there was no such word as fail. With the courage born of despair he wrote his last entreaty:

Tags is lonely. So am I. Can't we come and get you?—L. W. G.

And the next morning the first column was headed:

Tags—come!—Fannie Elton Morris in Scrap Book.

A Historian's Joke. Macaulay is not usually regarded as a humorous writer, but in his "History of England" he perpetrates the following in relating the death of Charles II. He says: "Several of the prescriptions have been preserved. One of them is signed by fourteen doctors. He recovered his senses, but he was evidently in a situation of extreme danger."

"By George!" he muttered, "I won't do it. I'll hold you for ransom, old chap, and a big one at that. We're lucky dogs!"

What a flood of memories, what a sea of visions, did that Bay creature recall, as they drove slowly up Retreat. But most persistent of all, she stood before him as he had last seen her—white, angry, and determined. Her trouble had all come as unexpected, like a flash from an azure sky; and just as suddenly had she called for foreign shores, leaving him crushed stunned—with no hope. Now she had returned; here was animated evidence, and a medium of reconciliation. Fate was holding wide an open door, but, how to enter—to pass—to emerge!

Ideas huddled, blossomed, and died; and arriving at home and the conclusion that she would undoubtedly advertise her loss, he decided to await her move.

The next morning, as he expected,

IN OCTOBER.  
I dreamed one day an army passed along  
With many colored banners streaming  
free  
And many rounds of wild and martial  
song;  
In all it seemed most fair and gay to  
me,  
And yet, I said, they do but go to death,  
This bright array. They soon will  
scatter'd lie  
O'er hills and meadow lands, the merry  
breath  
Of life all fled—who marched so proudly  
by.  
And then it seemed I was but dreaming  
half;  
For low and clear  
Beside my ear  
Rang autumn's mocking laugh.  
I looked, and lo! I knew it otherwise:  
I saw the gay sabots of the trees  
Flaunt reds and golds beneath the Octo-  
ber skies,  
And heard the stirring anthem of the  
breeze;  
I saw the haze like clouds of azure dust  
About in air where many feet have  
trod;  
I saw the iron-wood and mullein thrust  
Tall spears and lines of gleaming gold-  
en-rod.  
There came a menace of drear winter  
then;  
I felt a smart  
Within my heart  
And autumn mocked again.  
—Bessie Hendricks in the Critic.

## A PERSONAL AFFAIR

A small, brown, silky spaniel was running frantically in and out, pausing now and then to raise his sad little eyes to the faces of the unheeding shoppers. Suddenly he gave a wild jump and a yelp of recognition—it was not she coming up the block, but a familiar face—a friend. Snatching forward, the little dog jumped joyously up in front of the approaching man, bow at his knee, now under his feet.

But the big man paid no attention until he found further progress an impossibility, then he gave an impatient kick.

"Get out of here, you—!" He glanced down at the small offender. "Don't you see, I believe you're Tags," he added, quickly, plucking up the curly hair to avoid crushing it. The dog's delight knew no bounds; he licked the man's hands, he reached a dozen times to lick his face, and, rolled in the attempt, cuddled up against the big arm, and was content—resigned!

The big man looked keenly up and down the thoroughfare.

"Your mistress, Tags," he whispered—"where is she?"

Slowly he walked down the long block, looking eagerly from left to right, until he reached Stearns'; there he hesitated, and suddenly turning, hailed a hansom.

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